THE FUMIGATER

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STUDENTS FRY IN CO-OP HOLOCAUST

Cox Sure Smart; Brain Wave Results In Grief For Stadium Bleachers

Blood and Thunder Fails To Fix Locking Device

By PIDELTY POO

Chinese Undercover Agent

Not long ago the Golden Gater carried in its columns the announcement that Roberts Field would soon be equipped with new bleachers to accommodate the multitudes that were expected to follow the gridmen.

Finally the long awaited day arrived when the N.Y.A. workers saw a truck load of uprights parked in the middle of the track. Loving hands tenderly removed them from the truck and set them up, row on row of neatly painted iron.

All was bustle and activity as the carpenters sang the songs carpenters sing when a good day's work lies before them. The locking devices which fastened the wooden seats to the steel uprights were unloaded; the uprights were set in place, the first slats were put in place.

Then followed a scene that will live long in the memories of those present. The carpenters stopped singing, the N. Y. A. workers assumed their habitual attitudes of leaning on something and Dean Cox ranted and raged. The stupid dolts had included the wrong locking devices; the seats wobbled in the best Mae West fashion.

Dean Cox himself called the representative of the company. Then the truth came out.

It seems that Cox knew more about the bleachers than the company making them did. So he had the specifications for the locking devices altered to suit his own ideas on the subject, the protest of the salesman notwithstanding.

Our Dean Cox was dismayed when he found that the company assumed no responsibility and that the "Cox locking device" could not be returned.

The heads of all present went into conference and suggestions flew thick and fast. At lengthy last the humble carpenters evolved a system that worked, but only after the volatile and bull-headed Cox had taken himself and his hot language elsewhere.

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See page five for the truth about Budget committee meeting procedures, athletic department finance, co-op profits, Black "S" initiation procedures, Gater Accuracy, Governor Merriam, Alpha Phi Gamma, Frank Ray, Mrs. Mac, the Women's Lounge, and all points west.

STATE LEADERS MEET, ORGANIZE TO KEEP STATUS QUO

Sate's self-appointed leaders met will perpetuate the power of those yesterday to organize a club which who are allowed to join it.

After much discussion of a title for this group, the name Students' Aid Society was chosen because it was felt by the group that the hoi poloi would never guess the true purpose of the clique with a subtle title of this sort appended.

Setting down the policy of the organization, Class President Roy Laugesen stated, "We must organize . . . take me as an example, I had my seven backers at the class meeting which we secretly called. Was I unanimously elected? Fellow leaders, I ask you, Was I? No! Some ignorant stooges entered the meeting and dared vote for another candidate. Do you hear? Uninitiates voting in class elections just because they happen to have a certain number of units . . . it's blasphemy. I was barely elected 7 to 3."

This stirring speech was followed by others by Rees, Carrothers, Driscoll, Hammond, Decker, Black, and Peters who concurred. Ed Smith, Athletic Manager of State, smiled a gentle reprimand at the boys and reminded them that had they been as smart as he, they, too, might have served on the Board without being elected to anything . . . "Just have a friend," said Smith.

Following the business meeting, a recreational hour was held during which the members diverted themselves by guessing the total number of ballots cast for all class officers. "Hoppy" Hopkins won by coming within one of the correct total, 27.

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Co-op Team Meets State Inspectors

"Rain or shine, we'll Lickum good," stated Jerk Smith of the Co-op milshaker's team, referring to the pending battle between the local squad and the State Bureau of Sanitation.

"The State officials plan an invasion of our Sanctum Sanctorum, but we won't let them get any farther than the front door," Coach Nattinger stated.

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Joke: State's football team. More Joke: Faculty meetings. Uproar: Robert's Field. Titter: The Muldoon Plan. Grin: Exec. Board meetings. Senility: Class Averages. Dud: Golden Gater.

COACHING STAFF ANSWERS ALL SQUAWKS

State's undefeated Monday Morning Quarterback Team will meet the likewise undefeated Coaching Staff in a battle to the death at the next athletic council meeting.

Advance ticket sales for the great confab are so heavy that it has been decided to change the location of the meet from Dean Cox' office to the Berkeley Memorial Stadium.

The Monday Morning Quarterback Team has been successfully coached by experienced Billy Hammond, and the Coaching Staff team, under Dan Farmer will offer heavy opposition to the Quarterbacks.

Sources close to the Coaching Staff coach promise a great fight. "Their arguments are strong," stated biased referee Acey Noble's.

Coach Hammond refused to answer any questions as to the offensive tactics he would use.

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Treutlein's Dress Habits Scored

According to Esquire, man has certain dress habits he should follow. Dr. T. Treutlein, traveler-instructor, seems to take this advice lightly. The good Doctor must be an ardent reader of the New Yorker, a magazine which says it's quite all right to wear a single-breasted coat with BOTH buttons buttoned, and to have your collar tips extending north and south respectively, with no regard for the sweater one may be wearing.

Despite Dr. Treutlein's attempt at fashion-plating, he is one of the most popular instructors on the Campus. Various sources have it that his popularity is due to the fact that when he gets his hair cut, he surely doesn't attempt to economize on his locks.

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DECKER GRABS GOV.

Delicate Decker, speaker for San Francisco State College on the subject of "Merriam and Government of California," harangued an appreciative audience last Friday on the best place to get the Governor, in order to make him hear the plan of his college for new buildings.

"We've got the Govvie where it hurts, and we won't let go!" stated Decker. "At least, not until after he decides to give S. F. State about eight or nine hundred thousand berries."

"We don't want anyone to think Governor Merriam is a rat," Mr. Decker concluded, "but I guess we all have our own ideas."

The Governor is reported to have spent a restful night.

'Everyone Must Pay Checks Before Leaving, Even During Fires,' Says Co-op Cashier; 500 Believed Dead

"Fire Exits Locked," Charge Customers Trapped Within; No Comment Secured From Co-op Officials

"Pay or burn!" Shouting this slogan the embattled cashier held off at pistol point three hundred trapped students in the Co-op holocaust yesterday. Valiantly demanding that every person present a check and pay the punched amount, the svelte, sorrel-topped cafeteria cashier steadfastly refused to let a single smoking student by until the money clinked into the cash drawer.

While flame-eaten walls toppled onto the maelstrom of mad, screaming humanity, many dishonest collegians threw themselves bodily out of the windows or struggled vainly with the locked "fire exit" in order to avoid paying for their lunches.

Those trampled under foot or crippled by the falling timbers supplicated passersby to put them out of their misery or carry them to the windows that they, too, might not have to spend the fifteen cents to pass the implacable money-monger.

When called for questioning by the coroner's office, the beautiful blonde justified her position ethically: "I am paid to see that the Co-op gets value received for every ounce of food that leaves the Cafeteria, and on my bonded word, I will stick to my duty until the last timber falls."

The awe-stricken coroner was torn between these honorable sentiments and the cries of bereaved parents: the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, and not guilty by virtue of respect for the law.

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STATE GRIDDERS HOT FOR BARLEYCORN TILT

Having succeeded in their demand for five hundred dollars per player, the State gridders today prepared to start training for the annual Nose Bowl tilt.

Crowded into the narrow corner that serves for their training room, the boys listened to Hughie's sage advice before starting active training under old "1942" Walter, veteran backslide coach of the State Varsity.

Confident of an easy victory over the Barleycorn eleven, the team lounged through three or four rounds before setting to work on some of the more difficult plays such as the double-elbow-bend and the triple rehearse.

Despite the fact that the Staters are highly touted as a wet field team, they have shown some weakness in executing their once famous "on-the-house". This play is carried out by advancing to the line of scrimmage and alternately eyeing the line coach and the bleachers, with an occasional sly squint into the empty hand. So far this season it has entirely failed to fool the opposition.

The repertoire of stories the boys have gathered together to tell to the opposition is reputed excellent . . . though they have been shown only in secret practice. Even while they were still on the field during the Sacramento game, preparatory to the main tussle, the lads had the opposing line in hysterics with their outlandish antics and waggish tales. . . .

This paper picks State's team to wallop anyone in a game of any brand . . . bar none.

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Daffynitions And Stuff

Sillysisms and Dizzy Daffynitions

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what anybody else would get slapped for.

A nudist is a guy who goes coatless and vestless, with pants to match.

The A. M. S. sponsors prizefights. Prizefights are battles. Battles are war. War is hell. To hell with the A. M. S.!

Statistics show that Cal's football team can beat State's. Statistics are often misleading. To be misleading is to lie. A lie is the opposite of truth. Therefore State can beat Cal. at football.

Arnesen Celebrates 85th Year

San Francisco, Dec. 1 (yewpee). Dr. Elias, "eight years older than Allah" Arnesen, today celebrated his eighty-fifth year of nine-syllablizing. According to prominent chronologists, Dr. Arnesen must be approximately eight years older than Allah, judging from his accounts of his exploits and travels. It is from this computation that the title has been derived.

Prominent at San Francisco State College as a professor of impracticability and known over the entire West for his life-long search after words of nine or more syllables, the venerable pedagogue was so overcome by the adoration of his gaping acolytes that he could only stutter a few phrases of unintelligible Spanish, French, Italian, and German.

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Surprise Rally Sure Flops

Publicity scheme extraordinary was to have been the surprise rally held last week. Speeches were supposed to fire the student body to vituperous incrimination of State officials who refuse to reconstruct S. F. State's campus; the parade was to have made the front page of every city paper.

What a fizzle!

But it shouldn't have been a fizzle, because with very little effort, the parade (whose members were all souped up) could have kept right on going straight down Market Street.

That would have brought publicity, and how!

S'too bad, but this college always misses every golden opportunity.

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Remember, last week's Gater said, "Beware, we print anything." All kick backs will be referred to Timothy O'Shea and the co-op cat, and all will be answered personally.

Seriously, Now

All petitions for editorial positions on the Spring Semester Golden Gater must be turned in by Friday. Petitions are available in the Publications Office.

Only applicants for Editorship, Managing Editorships, and Business Managerships need apply at this time. Applications are to be turned in to Rosemarie Haas or Howard Demeke.

New Faces for Old!..

Let us Remodel You a la 1938

Blue Girl Beauty Shop

MA. 2097 422 Haight St.

Petty Theft . . .

Recently the Executive Board went on record as being opposed to petty thievery as practiced by a few under-developed students on the campus. To be sure, the move is indeed a commendable one, yet how this group came to overlook the Associated Students' Co-operative Bookstore in its report is rather odd.

Cooperative? . . .

For years the so-called "Co-op" has been using the capitalistic system in its most nauseating form — price-fixing by means of a partial monopoly. By this method, second-hand books are bought from students at half-price or less and later sold anywhere from three-fourths to the first cost of the book.

One student became acquainted with this idea when he purchased, for a certain course, the text-book used. The next day, this same student found that he could not get into this particular class, so the "Co-op" politely informed him that they would be glad to buy back the book, but at a dollar less than he paid! (Nice work if you can get it.)

Selling At Cost . . .

In defense of this system, the larcenious directors have often made the crack that new books are sold at cost, yet even this is not true. Several down-town stores do undersell the "Co-op" —and not a little bit either.

Yet of all the malodorous crimes credited to the "Clean-Up," the most stench rises from the recent smashing of locks and lockers by this agent of student welfare.

For those not familiar with the facts, it can be said that the "Mop-Up," for no apparent reason other than further enriching its own pockets, tore privately-owned locks from lockers in the Men's Dressing Room, damaging the lockers in doing so. To make the act more paradoxical, only the lockers of "common ordinary" students were forced open, while those reserved for the "athletes" were not touched.

Such malicious destruction of private and state property is indeed a credit to the co-operative spirit of the student body organizations. Now if the Executive Board can catch one of these "petty" thieves and make an example of him, maybe the "Co-op" would be freed from bothersome competition.

Co-eds Cornered . . .

There are always some flowers in the front yard which are more outstanding than the rest, but some of the flowers in State's front yard would do better if they stood right out in the street. We've spent all semester painfully digging up the roots of the more fragrant femmes. Now all we have left is a few of the odious ones.

Over here on the right we have a rare species of Rose—the Haas variety—a pale, fragile, yellow one which never looks behind or down—only up and onward. She keeps her eyes above everything and everybody—aloof from the other blooms—ignoring and fearing their possible value. She is unaware that anything goes on but her own growth. Her thorns are sharp and numerous but not very strong. They prick often but seldom cause bleeding.

On the other side of the path there is another kind of Rose—a bigger, sturdier one—from Alexandria. She is blood-red and droops from the bush, heavy with the burden of living and continually trembling in ecstasy at the realization of her aesthetic value — murmuring of deeper meanings, and violently vibrating with emotion at the slightest change in the atmosphere. She blooms spasmodically, unable to adjust to the hard, cruel elements.

Here is a more common species of plant—the Poison Ivy—this is the French variety—Pour Tius is the scientific name. It was brought in by mistake with a package of mistletoe. It sends out its feelers in all directions, climbing up everything that goes high enough, covering everything that is on the way. And although it was only planted a short time ago, it has succeeded in covering the grounds and walls of our dear old campus. Unlike the rose bush it depends on the walls and fences for support. Without them it could only crawl on the ground.

Standing alone over there we see the ever-blooming, exotic Mary-Ann Orchid which makes us look twice and thrice and again, then stare. It was named after some fellow, Nelson, we think—sent to us to add color to the pale of our shrinking violets. We can't have more than one. The heavy perfume of more would stifle the other flowers. It blooms at night, but is open in the daytime too, being very sturdy for an orchid. Its golden bloom flutters noisily in the breeze of passing fancies, trying to call the attention of all the other flowers to its existence and the fact that it is different from them. It is different, all right.

What is this? An onion in our flower garden! Why, she belongs in our back yard. How did she sneak around here? But perhaps she is justified, seeing that she is one of the rare species, Eid Afirtk, which was imported from India. Her odor is so strong it has driven all the other flowers away and is surrounded by a motley of weeds. She is a useless plant, being too pungent for flavoring and not pretty enough for decoration. She is a sturdy thing, though. She never freezes out or burns up, and it is practically impossible to dig her up.

And now, girlies, that we have torn up all the pretty blossoms we can fold our muddy hands and wait for the spring.

EVERGOOD BAKERY AND CREAMERY
500 HAIGHT STREET Corner FILLMORE
INVITES YOU TO VISIT ITS NEWLY ADDED FOUNTAIN
Quick Lunch-Service — Excellent Sandwiches — Giant Milkshakes
Home-Made Ice Cream

Snaps From a Snob

By Any Prof.

May these never change:

The irrepressible freshman who chews his gum and his gums in competition with my most honeyed phrases.

The ditto who twists and untwists noisily in the most picassoesque designs all during my lectures.

The whispering lovers whose duets touch my heartstrings and destroy my most cherished abstractions.

The sophomores whose private habits prove that the relationship between cleanliness and godliness has at least been modified with the years.

The familiarity of upper classmen who indulge the obtuseness of instructors.

The geniality of the ditto who come to class somewhat too well done up to stay awake from bell to bell.

Or those who stay awake too genially.

Or those who just stay, genially.

* * *

I should certainly miss:

The serious applepolishers who think I won't get it!

The less serious applepolishers who think I will!

The serious applepolishers who don't think!

The applepolishers!

The papers written by Aunt Alice when she was in college, which will do for history, economics, sociology or English term papers.

The papers written by Aunt Alice when she was in college which won't do for these ditto,—or anything!

I could never do without:

The chewing gum placed for safekeeping on the rungs of my chair, or the ledges of my desk.

The giggling graces whose classroom attendance is an enforced, and very inconvenient, substitution for beauty parlor attendance.

The breathless beauties whose beauty parlor activities distract the wide-eyed male from less serious classroom problems.

The soft-eyed gazelles who stare my lectures down while they hold significant talk at angles which would confuse Edgar Bergen.

And finally . . .

May the gods continue to provide:

The whole blessed inattentive tribe on whom I can depend for the annual quota of flunks to bring my percentals up to the norm without flamboyant juggling of their grades.

SNIP!

Po-Eds' Corner

Barber Shave
Man Sneeze
Man Dead
Next Please.

* * *

Thousands of years it took to
Make a monkey into a man
But give a woman fifteen seconds
And he's back where he began.

* * *

I love me
I love me so
I took myself to the picture show
I put my arm around my waist
I got so fresh I slapped my face.

* * *

I eat my peas with honey
I've done so all my life
It makes my peas taste funny
But it keeps them on my knife.

* * *

Mary had a little watch
She swallowed it, it's gone
Now every time that Mary walks
"Time Marches On."

Gooey was a little fly
A little fly was he
He climbed upon the railroad track
The train he did not see
Gooey . . . Gooey.

* * *

Slips that didn't pass in the knife.

No, Rosemary, a Meadow Lark is not a party thrown in the country.

Happy is the mosquito that can pass the screen test.

* * *

Silver threads among the gold means the peroxide didn't work.

* * *

He "You've a faculty for making love."

She "No, just a student body."

* * *

Add to "Campus Characters"

Speaking of campus characters we have Miss Edna "Fishy" Fisher and her darlings. They've really got us guessing, but it is all so sweet. Is it love or just infatuation. Maybe we are jealous, but Gee! we've never had the pleasure of holding hands with a teacher.

Open Letter

Dear Razz Editor:

May one be bold enough to inquire where in the *,x;;; did you get the inanimate senile persons who have been "writing" the so-called columns in this semester's bi-weekly rag. Of all the asinine, childish prattle that you and your staff evidently consider or rather view with approval is the quibble that occupied almost all of the columns of this term's paper put on by Chamberlin and Guiney. Never in the varied life of this and many other readers have we been suffered to go through the vilification of the supposed writers of these two by-lined articles as we have this term. Why not give them puff-balls or cream puffs and allow them to really go at each other, thus settling the matter once and for all? The resultant clarification of the atmosphere would be to the good of all concerned and would be for the betterment of the paper. . . . Yours for the stifling of either or both of your no doubt highly prized columnists. . . .

Schloppy Schottische

Dud Pecker today reevaled that the Schloppy Schottische would be held in the gym at seven o'clock Sunday morning next. Decorations will be furnished by the Stuffit Funeral Parlors. In keeping with the spirit of the Schloppy Schottische several caskets will be artistically placed about the gym to accommodate the out-of-school persons who imbibe beyond their capacity and have cluttered up the premises during past State Dances.

Posin' Rosen and his Crashbang Boys will furnish the jungle rhythm whereby the students will whip themselves into a frenzy preparatory to a sublimation on the patio.

"Come one, come all," said Dud "Come one, come all."

For Friendly Service and Good Eats
STATE SWEET SHOP
MARKET AT LAGUNA DOWN THE HILL

Campus Characters

Campus Character	Claim to Fame
The character, Harold Jacobs	You've got us guessing
Mke "B. S." Driscoll	Angler
Frank "Tammany" Muldoon	Oldtime politician
Harold "The Monk" Delma	Empty-headed Yell-leader
Bud "Burp" Decker	Wife-beater
Bill "Wee Willie" Hammond	Chiseler
Francis "Stage-door" Twohig	"Courtesy Liberty Theatre"
George "High Morals" Mirande	You're not fooling anybody!
Darryl "Black Serb" Hopkins	His evil eye
Mimi "Giggles" Landsberger	You've also got us guessing
Will "Go-getter" Smith	Smooth under-handed politics
Bob "Jig-happy" Black	High school maniac
Bee "Butterball" Cleary	Kelly's absentee lover
Jack "Loudmouth" Fisher	Aren't you the cute kid!
Tom "Pink-eye" Thorpe	Where did you get that milk tan?
Bill "Wrinkle-belly" Abbey	Just a bag of wind with an Adam's apple
Mary Jane "Swivel-hips" May	Feminine flesh mounted on hinges
Jim "Fauntleroy" Fitzgerald	The Hollywood representative
Bill "Revenoor" Kelly	A king's ransom in Alki Tax
Gene "Meat" Hook	A future corpse re-embalmed
Frank "Bundle of Nerves" Collins	Why do they call you "Stabber"?
Howard "Molar" Demeke	God's gift to women — just ask him
Ken "Parentheses" Johnson	Civil War basketball player
J. Wallace "Gamete" Gallagher	State's Sterno Representative—"try it with buttermilk . . ."
Frank "Fathead" Jackson	Just another high school cry baby
Dawn "Truckin' " Wilson	Gone with the wind
Cliff "Two-bits" Worth	If it's free it's good!
Lois "Hot" Arenz	Going with every Tom and . . .
Marsh "Bra" Blum	A debt unpaid is a penny saved
Lois "Wet" Towle	Hem 5738
Ru "Big Scoop" Stone	Hughie's State Representative
Jerk "Baldy" Smith	Combs it with a towel
Vern "Sugar Plum" Ouelette	Blondes, brunettes, redheads . . . oh well
Peggy "Bangs" Clifford	This little Peggy went to market
Roy "Lighthouse" Laugesen	Two and a song . . . Lights Out
Louie "Iron Man" Glavich	Have you recuperated from the initiation?
Bill "Plaster of Paris" Rowlands	Ditto

Chambie's Potter

We saw:

"Tripe" Chamberlin bursting vociferously into guffaws after hearing Chairman Williamson explain that he deserted friend Elsa Magnus "with a definite end in view" . . .

Treutlein chuckling at the article claiming that J. W. Gallagher is the mixed debate team . . .

The floor of the ancestral Treutlein manor on fire with both the Doc and Happy Hal Widney thinking the smoke came from their pipes . . .

Gomez and Bragg dancing too, too divinely together at the noon dance . . .

Ditto Thayer and Hilarious Hal Harden . . .

Stella and Ebert telling "about it" via the post boxes . . . deciding to give up before "it" became too involved . . .

The State football team's bus catching fire upon its arrival at Santa Rosa . . . "Kaintuck" Wheeler leaving via rear window head first . . .

Same Wheeler "borrowing" the peanut butcher's stock on the return trip from McMinnville . . .

Freddie Delanoy confessing that he is secretary of the Professional Models' Guild . . . (Anyone wanting to meet a model, join the line forming to the left) . . .

Alumnus Dan Baker losing an entire case of grape juice between the Claremont and Stewart Hotels . . .

The jayvee footballers waiting for the eleventh man to get out of class so they could start their Lowell game . . .

People laughing when Connie Field introduced herself by saying, "I'm Field" . . .

"Jerk" Smith forgetting there was a step on the platform at Sacramento . . .

Schutz claiming that if all the rooters on the Sacramento Excursion were laid end to end, it would make a staggering total . . .

Outlette trying to teach Mimi the gentle art of yell-leading . . . and claiming that she wasn't loose enough in the joints . . .

Edward Everret Hutching shyly admitting that he is a genius . . .

Jack Hulbert preparing his campaigning for the presidency of a class he is not in . . .

Myself using a preposition to end a sentence with . . .

Miss Fisher forgetting her professional decorum . . . acting juvenile again . . .

Witt-Diamont being towed from the thick of the five o'clock crowds on Post and Mason streets . . .

Same ½ Witt then buying a "Bug" . . . (Willys to you) . . .

The Golden Gater feature page turning Mid-Victorian . . . what with Alexander, Crouch, et al. . . .

We discovered:

Where the hot dogs from the P. E. 31b class party went . . . Miguel and a janitor had a private feed . . .

That Mirande's first jayvee string is composed entirely of non-smokers and non-drinkers . . .

That the following were reported to have touched nary a drop on the Sac'to trip:

We are finished . . .

ONLY STRAIGHT | GOLDEN GATER | NEWS HERE

Vol. XXV, No. 22 | December 8, 1937 | Wednesday

Xmas Jinx This Friday In Gym; Wilson Head

Admission 25 Cents And A Can of Food

Climaxing the social calendar of events before the Christmas holidays, the executive board will sponsor a "Xmas Jinx" this Friday in the gym.

All executive board members have tickets for sale, the price being twenty-five cents. Admission will include a ticket and one can of groceries.

Dawn Wilson, student body vice-president, and chairman of the dance, announces that "we want this dance to be a big success, because all profits from the dance, and all groceries taken in for admissions will be donated to the Christmas Charity Fund."

Christmas decorations will enliven the gym, and a long list of passes and cover charges will be given out as door prizes. Entertainment consisting of a kiddie show and hula dances is promised.

DEBATERS MEET IOWA STATE DECEMBER 30

From half way across the country, where the tall corn grows in the State of Iowa, come the Iowa State Teachers College varsity debaters to meet the Golden Gater varsity here on December 30. Pitted against the visiting citizens of Cedar Falls will be State's number one team, Bill Rose, president of the Forensic Council, and Patricio Megino.

Debate subject will be the national intercollegiate question, Resolved: That the National Labor Relations Board be empowered to force arbitration of all industrial disputes.

In an attempt to build up a large audience, Delta Sigma, college debate fraternity, is contacting service groups and civic clubs to arrange to hold the debate before some such organization.

Notice

Noon Dance

Noon dance for this week will be tomorrow from eleven to one. Four organizations will sponsor the affair.

Dance Award

Awards will be presented at the close of the French Club dance for the best noon dance of the semester by Frances Twohig, noon dance chairman.

French Club

Due to a change in Final exam dates, the French Club will hold their dance and raffle Wednesday, January 5, 1938, instead of the January 12 date.

OBITUARY

The Golden Gater, representing the student body at large, wishes to extend to the parents and friends of Robert A. Bolton its deepest sympathy for his recent death.

Robert A. Bolton, a graduate of the class of '36, passed away Thursday, December 2, 1937. During his years at State he was prominent in school activities, and was a member of the Block "S" Society.

Co-ods Cornered . . .

'S' funny how these quiet individuals can sprout out at the least expected times. Take Dave Schutz, frinstance. Was little rosy cheeks enjoyin' his little self on the way back from Sacramento or wasn't he? You're esking us? We're esking you!

Things we'd like to know:

How does Ed Smith get bunged up so darned much, first at Sacramento with a skinned chin and now with a cut under the eye. He says Bud did it first and that he was "slouwed" in a basketball game for the second instance. Well, that's his story and he better stick to it . . .

When Audrew Stewart combs her hair. Our guess is that it was last Christmas or Washington's Birthday, just to give the girl a break. (Hay! Hay! or Heh! Heh!) . . .

When Cliff Worth ever puts on a tie or takes a shave or if he ever says anything good to poor little Dawny . . .

We also wonder if Roy Laugesen ever got pale in his life or if he ever stood up under his own power after the third . . .

Where Norm Zech gets his astonishing repertoire of stories which come out only after persistent coaxing and usually at Executive Board parties or on trips to Sacramento . . .

We always wonder too why Monk Delma shies away from Hoppy Hopkins and why the latter gentleman kinda steers clear of ole man Smith . . .

Have you ever heard Monk's soprano laugh? Well, we have and our bet is that it takes strong stress to bring it out . . .

'S' funny too how these presidents have a way of getting together: Yeh, we mean the plaid-clad, blond head of Alpha Phi Gamma and W. J. J. . . .

Just as a side light, we've never seen Smith with so much color in his face as lately . . . Why is it that he's so darn fast at opening that ole door when someone pounds on it? Yeh, we thought so too . . .

We've often wondered why Gallagher didn't put his I. Q. 170 to a better use than is usually the case. Waal, we found out. It's 'cause somebody put a 1 where there ought to have been a zero . . . He'll undoubtedly resent this . . .

We wonder what tall yarn Edith White told to her folks when they found the sink full of beer cans after the Exec Board party . . . You know that's just what we were thinking too . . .

We wonder too where Bob Chamberlin gets his attraction for the femmes. He ain't got nothing we ain't got . . . We were wondering too if the girls (other than Hay head) ever did any wondering about how Bud Decker's kiss would feel . . . Mush mouf you all took de words out of mah mouf . . . shhhhlippery . . . We wonder too if Decker ever changes his socks . . . Our guess is that he tests them by seeing if they'll stick to the ceiling after six weeks . . .

Then kinda tah sum it all up . . . We wonder the following . . . Why George (gorgeous Georges) Mirande, by gawlee, always casts such a wary eye at every student affair A. P. G. sponsors, why W. J. J. does the same thing when the Block "S" takes charge or when the athletic department is involved, why Hoppy likes George Peters so well, why Bill Rose and Bill Buchan are so friendly (knives-at-one-pace vultures), why we can't get any dirt on Frances Bolander and why in heck we ever elected Smith president anyway.

Laugh This One Off!

FINAL EXAMINATION SCHEDULE—UPPER DIVISION
January 8-15, 1938

Classes scheduled for:		Examination to be held:			
8:10	M W F	Wed.	Jan. 12	8:30-10:30	
8:10	T Th	Sat.	Jan. 15	11-1	
9:10	M W F	Mon.	Jan. 10	8:30-10:30	
9:10	T Th	Thurs.	Jan. 13	8:30-10:30	
10:10	M W F	Tues.	Jan. 11	8:30-10:30	
10:10	T Th	Fri.	Jan. 14	8:30-10:30	
11:10	M W F	Mon.	Jan. 10	11-1	
11:10	T F	Mon.	Jan. 10	2-4	
1:10	M W F	Tues.	Jan. 11	2-4	
1:10	T Th	Fri.	Jan. 14	2-4	
2:10	M W F	Wed.	Jan. 12	2-4	
2:10	T Th	Sat.	Jan. 15	8:30-10:30	
3:10	M W F	Sat.	Jan. 8	8:30-10:30	
3:10	T Th	Thurs.	Jan. 13	2-4	
4:10	M W F	Sat.	Jan. 8	11-1	
4:10	T Th	Thurs.	Jan. 13	11-1	

UPPER DIVISION

Exceptions:

P. E. 150 (Miss Holtz groups)	Tues.	Jan. 11	11-1	208
P. E. 154 (Miss Holtz groups)	Wed.	Jan. 12	11-1	208

8:45 classes follow 9:10 schedule (see schedule above).
2-4 classes follow 2:10 schedule (see schedule above).
Daily classes follow MWF and TTh schedule (see schedule above).
MTWTh classes follow MWF schedule (see schedule above).
5:10 and 6:10 classes schedule examinations on last meeting of the class.
P. E. activity classes will not be held during examination days.
Examinations will be held in regular class rooms except as indicated.
Hours for Music activities are to be arranged.

FINAL EXAMINATION SCHEDULE—LOWER DIVISION
January 8-21, 1938

Classes scheduled for:		Examination to be held:			
8:10	M W F	Wed.	Jan. 19	8:30-10:30	
8:10	T Th	Sat.	Jan. 15	11-1	
9:10	M W F	Mon.	Jan. 17	8:30-10:30	
9:10	T Th	Thurs.	Jan. 20	8:30-10:30	
10:10	M W F	Tues.	Jan. 18	8:30-10:30	4A
10:10	T Th	Fri.	Jan. 21	8:30-10:30	11A
11:10	M W F	~~Mon.~~	~~Jan. 17~~	~~11-1~~	
11:10	T Fr	Mon.	Jan. 17	2-4	
1:10	M W F	Tues.	Jan. 18	11-1	
1:10	T Th	Fri.	Jan. 21	11-1	gor 440
2:10	M W F	Wed.	Jan. 19	2-4	
2:10	T Th	Sat.	Jan. 15	8:30-10:30	
3:10	M W F	~~Fri.~~	~~Jan. 14~~	~~11-1~~	
3:10	T Th	Thurs.	Jan. 20	2-4	
4:10	M W F	Sat.	Jan. 8	11-1	
4:10	T Th	Thurs.	Jan. 13	11-1	

LOWER DIVISION

Exceptions:

Eng. 1 and 2	Tues.	Jan. 11	11-1	
Psy. 1a	Mon.	Jan. 10	8:30-10:30	210-208-A98
Biol. 6	Wed.	Jan. 12	11-1	A110-A210-A207

8:45 classes follow 9:10 schedule (see schedule above).
2-4 classes follow 2:10 schedule (see schedule above).
Daily classes follow MWF and TTh schedule (see schedule above).
MTWTh classes follow MWF schedule (see schedule above).
5:10 and 6:10 classes schedule examinations on last meeting of the class.
P. E. activity classes will not be held during examination days.
Examinations will be held in regular class rooms except as indicated.
Hours for Music activities are to be arranged by Music Department.

ROY C. CAVE,
Chairman, Interdepartmental Committee.

THE FUMIGATER STAFF BOX

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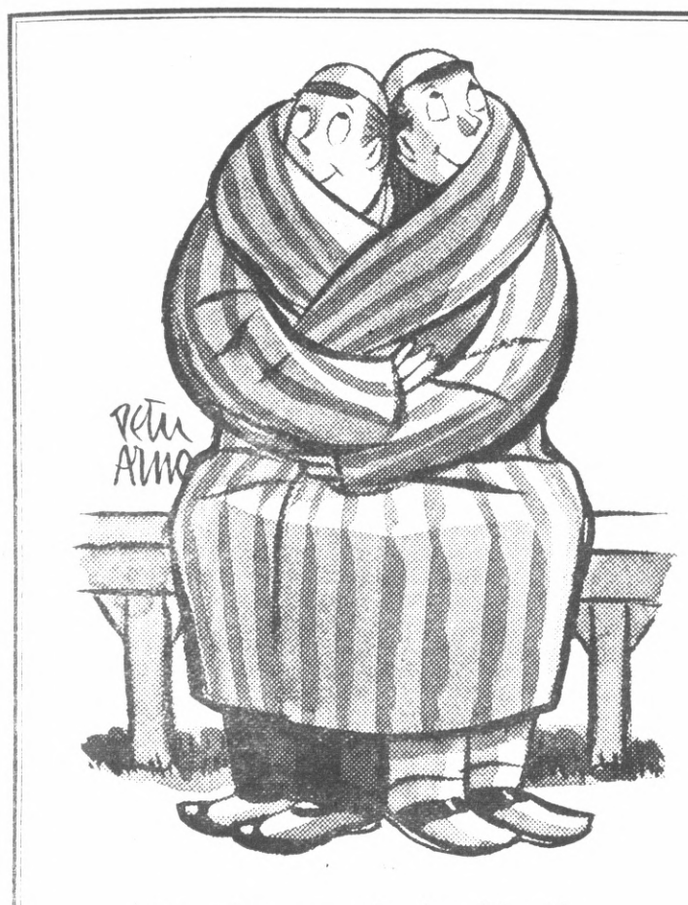

A coonskin coat, we've heard it said,
Wards off chill winds from heel to head;
In which respect its chief vocation's
Much like No Draft Ventilation's.

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MORE RAZZ STUFF

Dr. Roberts resented the aspersions cast at his handshake made in the last Razz Edition. No mention will be made of it in this one . . . likewise Miss Pickard's Bun.

But we could tell Miss Holmes that she no longer is a girl in England, and she has our permission to "say so".

Here's hoping the trip jolly Frank Fenton is taking this week will result in more pleasure than sunburn and poison oak. He's a "strange one".

If State is thinking of a parade up Market street, leaders ought to contact Al Fisk who harangued his classes to the point where they marched with him last Armistice Day.

Perpetual pet phrase of Will Smith seems to be, "All speeches will be short." How about cutting your's down to six feet, Will?

"Whattulyuhave Dearie?"

Farmer better take Psych A-1 over again. Jarl just won't react to "Can't you get mad?"

Nee: "Hello . . . gentlemen."

The Gater likes Sup't of Grounds Bale for the many favors rendered, but he still ought to take his hat off in the house.

Recluse Marcus . . . "I can get it wholesale."

Floyd Cave is getting better. This semester's lectures have improved to the point where there are only 62 uh's per hour. (Actual count.)

No one is supposed to say anything, but there is no men's lavatory in College Hall . . . rawthaw inconvenient at times. Ten minutes isn't much time.

Could Miss Fleming please smile for us once?

Don't anyone remark about Mimi's newly-dyed locks. Poor gal's been kidded to death. But it does look sorta nice . . . if you like too dark brunettes. Evidently she aims to please.

Hughie's going nuts. Lost all his trade. What year was it that Columbus came over here? (Editor's note—Not 1942, you dummy!).

Why is it that Hugh "The titmouse" Baker is so seldom seen about the campus . . . and then only when scurrying from one English 2 class to another?

How is it that Madame Dony . . . little dear that she is . . . must twitter in French at every student who is, has been, or might have been in one of her stodgy classes. Aimez-vous cela, ma chere?

And why is it, if we dare ask, that Shirlie Senk, who was once girlie-girlie now dresses like a habitue of Mona's?

What could be more pedantic than the Plato Playboys, Harvey, Marsh, and "I'm sooo sorry" Hall?

Everyone would appreciate J. Wallace's coming down to something approximating normality . . . he's ridden on a reputed I. Q. much too long.

Shouldn't mention Dr. Brown's vintage 1906 cellar. Likewise the Munro headdress.

Stentorian chest tones reverberating from the inner sanctums of the Women's Gym must belong to Mrs. Stevenson.

Gracious Sally of the Co-op coyly price-cutting our throats.

If in doubt, learn the facts of life from Hertz.

Who are the rats (probably ratesses) who tell tales out of school to the vice chairman of the college?

Five units, and no grade for practice teaching! Good or bad? It's hell!

Will George Mirande ever learn to truck?

Who'll lead the moan to cure that invidious condition, finals after the holidays. By the way, here's hoping the New Year's jags wear off before finals start!

POME

Students beware, take care, take care,
Look out for this evil face,
'Tis a dopey eyed creature, whom we call teacher,
The menace to all of her race.

Her stare so crafty, her ideas so dafty,
We really ought to restrain her,
She preaches and yowls, amid frowns and scowls,
Why couldn't the coppers detain her?

Her venomous glance, makes students dance,
As though they were human boll weevils,
She is dangerous, too, like old Dan McGrew,
For she's full of nostrums for evils.

Science has failed, to have her curtailed,
How can we ever get even?
There is no doubt, that though we may shout,
We'll have to continue our grievin'.

—Ports-are-loose.

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